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HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
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FEATURING

FEAR

OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF FEAR®

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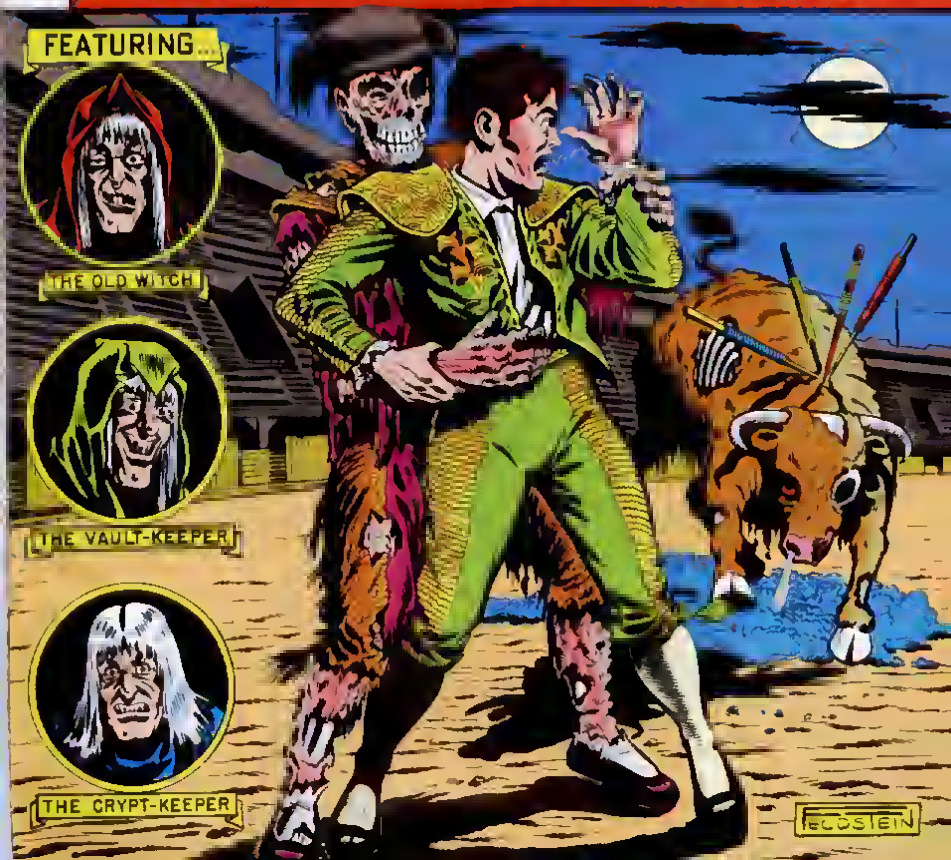

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THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

CRYPT #1

CRYPT #2

CRYPT #3

CRYPT #4

CRYPT #5

CRYPT #6

W SCI #1

W SCI #3

W SCI #3

W SCI #4

W SCI #5

W SCI #6

SHOCK #1

SHOCK #2

SHOCK #3

SHOCK #4

SHOCK #5

SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! IT'S ME *THE OLD WITCH* MISTRESS OF *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* WELL, THE FIRE BENEATH MY *CAULDRON* IS LEAPING AND CRACKLING! THE *EVIL BREW* IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING! SO COME IN... AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY *TASTY TALES OF TERROR!* THIS TIME MY STORY CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THE *BURIAL INDUSTRY!* AS ALL OF YOU FIENDISH FANS KNOW, I'M A *HARD-HEARTED* GAL! BUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON TODAY *EVEN SICKENS ME!* OH, *SURE* THERE *ARE* HONEST FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND CEMETERY OPERATORS! HOWEVER THERE ARE *FAR TOO MANY* OF THE TYPE *THIS* LITTLE EPIC DEALS WITH! READY FOR IT? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE YARN I CALL

GRAVE BUSINESS!

EZRA COOPER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF *COOPER AND MITCHEL UNDERTAKERS,* STANDS BEFORE THE PAINT-CRACKED DOOR AND WAITS FOR HIS LATEST 'CLIENT' TO OPEN IT! HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, THE DOOR SWINGS INWARD, AND A WRINKLED WHITE-HAIRED OLD WOMAN PEERS OUT! SHE STUDIES EZRA WITH RED-RIMMED EYES SWOLLEN FROM CRYING

THE OLD LADY NODS AND STEPS ASIDE! EZRA ENTERS THE GLOOMY INTERIOR OF THE TENEMENT FLAT! HE LOOKS ABOUT AND RETCHES IN SILENT REVULSION...
FILTHY PLACE! THE OLD RAT PROBABLY HASN'T GOT A DIME! UGH! OH, WELL! IT'S A LIVING!
MY HUSBAND! HE DIED... SOB... EARLY THIS MORNING! I.. I...
EZRA SITS DOWN GINGERLY ON A WORN, MOTH-EATEN CHAIR! HE FOLDS HIS HANDS IN HIS LAP SO AS NOT TO TOUCH THE DUST-COVERED ARMS AND SMILES SWEETLY AT THE SORROW-CHOKED OLD WOMAN
I UNDERSTAND, MRS MARTIN! YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE... EH... ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND'S BURIAL!
I...I CAN'T AFFORD MUCH, MR COOPER! YOU SEE, HENRY DIDN'T LEAVE ME MUCH! I HAVE ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS SAVED!
EZRA RUBS HIS CHIN PENSIVELY..
MM-M-M-M! FOUR HUNDRED! THAT'S NOT VERY MUCH! OF COURSE, YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE ON, WON'T YOU, MRS MARTIN? AN... INSURANCE POLICY?
OH, YES! HENRY HAD A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY! HE WANTED TO LEAVE ME PROVIDED FOR!
FUNNY! HE JUST SENT THEM A PREMIUM PAYMENT LAST WEEK! IT'S FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT OUGHT TO BE PLENTY FOR ME...FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT...
A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF HIM, WASN'T IT? YOUR HUSBAND WAS A GOOD MAN, WASN'T HE?
OH, VERY GOOD! WHILE HE WAS ABLE, HE TOOK GOOD CARE OF ME! YES, HENRY WAS A GOOD MAN... SOB...
THEN YOU'LL WANT TO GIVE HIM A NICE FUNERAL! NOT SOMETHING CHEAP AND ORDINARY! SOMETHING BEFITTING SUCH DEVOTION!
WELL, I...
NOW, FOR EXAMPLE, OUR FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR FUNERAL INCLUDES THE PLOT.. A SIMPLE WOODEN COFFIN.. A HEARSE.. AND ONE CAR! BUT FOR JUST A LITTLE EXTRA, YOUR DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND WILL BE LAID TO REST IN A SATIN-LINED, SOLID BRONZE CASKET! AND A FLORAL CAR.. YOU'LL WANT THAT! AND THE PLOT... IT REALLY SHOULD BE LANDSCAPED...
BUT ALL THAT SOUNDS SO EXPENSIVE!
DON'T YOU WORRY, MRS. MARTIN! JUST LET ME HANDLE IT! I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR DEAR HUSBAND GETS THE KIND OF FUNERAL YOU'D WANT HIM TO HAVE! AND THE PRICE... WELL, WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU WON'T HAVE TO PAY MORE THAN YOU CAN AFFORD!
2

SEVERAL DAYS LATEN, AFTER HENRY MARTIN'S FUNERAL...
WHY, IT'S YOU, MR. COOPER! COME IN! COME IN! I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANGE TO THANK YOU! HENRY'S FUNERAL WAS LOVELY!
I'M GLAD YOU LIKED IT, MRS. MARTIN! I'VE COME WITH MY BILL!
LET'S SEE! THE SOLID BRONZE CASKET WITH THE SATIN-TAILORED INTERIOR WAS $490! THE PLOT... $350! A HEARSE AND ONE CAR...$50! FOUR PALL BEARERS...$60! WHITE GLOVES FOR PALL BEARERS...$30! BOUTONNIERS FOR PALL BEARERS...$20! EMBALMING...$100! MANICURE...$10! FLORAL CAR AND FLOWERS...$100! NEWSPAPER NOTICES...$10 AND FUNERAL DIRECTION...$60!
THAT TOTALS... ER... $1380! TO THE PENNY!
$1380! BUT I TOLD YOU, MR. COOPER! I ONLY HAVE $400 SAVED!
AH, DON'T BE ALARMED, MRS. MARTIN! YOUR HUSBAND'S INSURANCE POLICY... ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS! REMEMBER?
NO! YOU CAN'T! YOU WOULDN'T TAKE THAT! THAT'S ALL I HAVE!
I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. MARTIN! THE FUNERAL IS OVER! YOUR HUSBAND IS BURIED! YOU OWE ME $1380, AND YOU SIMPLY MUST PAY IT! GOOD-DAY!
SOB... SOB...
LATER, AT THE OFFICES OF COOPER AND MITCHEL UNDERTAKERS, CHARLIE MITCHEL, EZRA'S JUNIOR PARTNER REPORTS...
THE MARTIN FUNERAL NETTED US A COOL $1038 PROFIT, EZRA! THE CASKET COST US $32! THE FLOWERS FOR THE FLORAL CAR... $50! THE BOUTONNIERS... $10! THE NEWSPAPER NOTICES, $10 WE COULDN'T FOOL AROUND WITH THAT... AND THE PLOT $240!
THE CARS ARE OURS! THE GLOVES GO BACK IN THE DRAWER! TOTAL COST... $342! HEH, HEH!
QUITE A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS, EH, CHARLIE!
OH, BY THE WAY! THE CITY'S GOT ANOTHER UNIDENTIFIED CORPSE FOR US TO BURY! WHAT'LL WE CHARGE?

CHARGE 'EM THE USUAL $75 FOR EMBALMING AND $300 FOR THE PLOT! SINCE 'UNIDENTIFIEDS' GO IN *UNMARKED* GRAVES, WE CAN PUT HIM *IN OLD MAN MARTIN'S PLOT...HALF-WAY DOWN*...AND THE CITY'LL NEVER BE THE WISEN! THAT'LL SAVE US THE COST OF A PLOT! GIVE HIM ONE OF OUR $10 PLAIN PINE COFFINS AND CHARGE *$50* FOR IT!

OKAY, EZRA!

WELL, I HAVE TO BE GOING, CHARLIE! TOMORROW'S THE CONVENTION OF FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND CEMETERY OPERATORS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THINGS WHILE I'M GONE!

SURE! NOW, *DRIVE CAREFULLY*, EZRA!

HEH, HEH! *WORRIED* ABOUT ME, CHARLIE? I DON'T KNOW *WHY!* IF I WERE *KILLED*, THE *BUSINESS* WOULD BE *YOURS!* ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS *BUY OUT MY SHARE* FROM *MY ESTATE!*

OH, CUT IT OUT, EZRA! I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE BURIAL INDUSTRY'S COMBINED CONVENTION...

EZRA COOPER! YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S *BUSINESS*, EZ?

PRETTY *DEAD*, PHIL! HAW-HAW!

THERE IS MUCH LAUGHING AND JOKING BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS MORBID INDUSTRY...

$100 FOR EMBALMING! HEH, HEH! *THAT'S* WHAT *I* CHARGE! WHY I COULD EMBALM A *HIPPOPOTAMUS* FOR A *BUCK AND A HALF!*

MANY 'HUMOROUS STORIES' ARE SWAPPED...

SO WE SELL 'EM THIS *FOUR-GRAVE PLOT* FOR $700, SEE! ONLY THE PLOT'S JUST LARGE ENOUGH FOR *THREE-AND-A-HALF COFFINS!* WHEN THE *FOURTH* ONE COMES ALONG, WE *HOLD UP THE FUNERAL* UNTIL THEY COME ACROSS WITH ANOTHER $200!

LORD, WALTER! THAT'S A *RIOT!*

SO THIS WIDOW DIDN'T WANT TO *PAY THE BILL!* SO WHAT DID I DO? *I HAD THE BODY*... SO I *HELD* IT...WITHOUT *BURYING* IT...AS *SECURITY!* *SHE PAID!* AND *QUICK, TOO!*

THAT TOOK *NERVE*, DONALD!

PRETTY *STIFF SECURITY*, I'D SAY! HAW! HAW!

FIRALLY, THE CORVERTIOR IS OVER, AND EZRA GESINS HIS TRIP HOME...

HEH, HEH! I SURE LIKE THOSE GET-TOGETHERS! ALWAYS LEARN SOME NEW ORES.

SUDOERLY, WHILE EZRA STREAKS ALONG A LORELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY, THERE IS A LOUD EXPLOSION AS HIS RIGHT FRORT TIRE BLOWS OUT.

GOOD LORD!

THE CAR CAREERS CRAZILY ACROSS THE CORCRETE ROAD, SPINS SHARPLY, ARD TURNS OVER IRTO A DITCH..

WHEN EZRA COMES TO, HE IS STARING UP AT A STARRY SKY! HE TRIES TO MOVE...TO GET UP! NOTHING HAPPENS...

I *REMEMBER* ROW! THE *BLOW-OUT*! I MUST HAVE *CRASHED*!

EZRA TRIES TO CRY OUT...BUT CAR *MAKE NO SOUND*! HE BEGINS TO CORCERTRATE! RE CAR *FEEL* ROTHING, ROT EVER HIS ARMS OR HIS LEGS! FOR A MOMERT HE HAS THE HORRIBLE FEAR THAT THEY ARE GORE...

I..I CAN'T *MOVE*! I CAN'T EVEN *BLINK MY EYES*! I.. I'M *PARALYZED*!

TRER EZRA HEARS VOICES! TWO GHASBILY-DRESSED TRAMPS MOVE INTO RIS LIRE OF VISION...

POOR BUY! *HE'S* DONE FOR!

RO! RO! I'M *ALIVE*! LOOK AT ME! LOOK *CLOSELY*!

HEY! MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME *DOUGH* ON 'IM!

TAKE IT! IT'S IR MY WALLET! TAKE IT *ALL*...ONLY *HELP* ME! I'M *ALIVE*, I TELL YOU! *ALIVE*!

THIRTY BUCKS! NOT BAD!

C'MOR! LET'S GO! THIS GIVES ME TRE CREEPS!

THE TWO MEN MOVE OUT OF EZRA'S VIEW, AND HE CAN HEAR THEM CRUNCHING OFF DOWN THE ROAD! HE LAYS THERE .FEELING NO PAIN STARING UP AT THE NIGHT SKY
I CAN'T EVEN SHIFT MY EYES! I HAVE NO CONTROL OF MY MUSCLES! EVERY BIT OF ME IS PARALYZED!
EZRA BEGINS TO WONDER IF HE IS BLEEDING! PERHAPS HE IS BLEEDING TO DEATH! HOURS LATER, HE HEARS A FAR-OFF WAIL! IT DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER. A SIREN...
OH, THANK GOD! THANK GOD! AN AMBULANCE.. AT LAST!
HEY! THOSE TRAMPS WERE RIGHT! THERE IT IS! WOW! WHAT A MESS!
THE STATE TROOPERS MOVE INTO VIEW! THEY EDGE TOWARD EZRA! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY HE COULD TELL THEM... LET THEM KNOW! ONE OF THEM BENDS OVER HIM...
SHALL I CALL IN FOR AN AMBULANCE, EDDIE?
NEVER MIND, BERT! BETTER SEND FOR THE MORGUE-WAGON! THIS GUY IS DEAD!
NO! NO! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M ALIVE! I CAN'T MOVE.. BUT, I'M ALIVE! LOOK CLOSELY! EXAMINE ME! PLEASE... PLEASE... OH, GOD...
THIS IS BAKER... CAR SIX! WE'RE ON HIGHWAY TWENTY-TWO SIX MILES EAST OF TOWN! SEND THE MEAT-WAGON! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT! GUY GOT HIMSELF KILLED!
LOOK HERE, BERT! THE GUY'S WALLET! THOSE TRAMPS MUST HAVE RIFLED IT! THERE'S NOT A DIME IN IT!
WHO WAS HE? WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
NAME'S EZRA COOPER! HEY! GET THIS! HE'S AN UNDERTAKER! SAYS HERE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY CHARLES MITCHEL HIS PARTNER...
WELL! THAT'LL SAVE THE BOYS AT THE MORGUE SOME WORK!
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS TO EZRA, HE HEARS ANOTHER CAR PULL UP! THE MORGUE-WAGON! THEN HIS VIEW OF THE NIGHT SKY IS BLOTTED OUT BY A CURTAIN OF WHITE...
THEY'RE COVERING ME WITH A SHEET! PLEASE... I'M NOT DEAD! I'M NOT!
OKAY, BOYS! HE'S ALL YOURS!

ANOTHER INTERMINABLE LENGTH OF TIME PASSES! EZRA HEARS THE SOUND OF A MOTOR AND KNOWS HE IS BEING DRIVEN INTO TOWN — TO THE MORGUE! THEN THE 'CLACK-CLACK' OF WHEELS! THEY'RE WHEELING HIM IN...
GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS GUY MITCHEL! FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS TO DO WITH THIS STIFF!
OKAY!
YES! CHARLIE'LL HELP ME! HE'LL SEE I'M NOT DEAD!
SOMEONE IS DIALING A PHONE! THERE ARE VOICES
THAT'S RIGHT! AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT! YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING? OKAY! BE RIGHT OVER? GOOD! WE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO HIM, THEN! RIGHT! BYE!
MORE TIME PASSES! THEN THE WHITE CURTAIN IS LIFTED AND A BLINDING LIGHT GORES INTO EZRA'S BRAIN! CHARLIE IS STARING DOWN AT HIM
IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE HEARSE, HUH, BOYS?
SURE, MR. MITCHEL!
THE WHITE CURTAIN IS REPLACED! MORE 'CLACK-CLACK' AS EZRA IS WHEELED OUT! THEN THE SOUND OF A MOTOR
THANK GOD! CHARLIE IS TAKING ME HOME! HE'LL FIND OUT SOON! I'LL BE SAFE!
AGAIN THE CURTAIN IS REMOVED! CHARLIE IS GRINNING DOWN AT EZRA
WELL, EZRA! YOU WERE RIGHT! THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE NOW!
CHARLIE? I'M ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!
AND DO YOU KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO PAY YOUR ESTATE FOR YOUR SHARE OF OUR PARTNERSHIP, EZRA?
CHARLIE! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! I'M NOT DEAD! LOOK AT ME!
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MOST EXPENSIVE FUNERAL I CAN PHONY UP, EZRA! IT'S GOING TO COST ME PEANUTS, BUT YOUR ESTATE WILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE!
CHARLIE! PLEASE! OH, LORD, LORD..

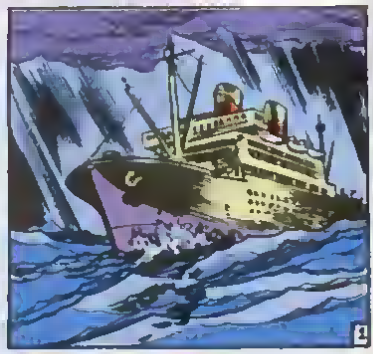
CHARLIE LEERS DOWN AT EZRA'S RIGHT FACE..
AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS FORGET TO EMBALM YOU! AND I'LL CHARGE $200... BECAUSE IT'LL BE A SPECIAL JOB I WON'T DO!
AND YOU'LL GET OUR SPECIAL CASKET... THE ONE WITH THE VELVET-TAILORED INTERIOR AND THE POLISHED BRASS HANDLES! YOU KNOW... THE ONE THAT COSTS US $40! I'LL CHARGE $2,000 FOR IT!
OH, TEE, EZRA! YOU'LL HAVE A LOVELY FUNERAL! WHITE-GLOVED PALL-BEARERS AND ALL! IT MAY RUN ME $400! BUT THE BILL WILL BE AT $4,000! HE H. HEH! THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO BUY YOU OUT!
EZRA LIES THERE- LISTENING TO CHARLES! HE CANNOT MOVE! HE CANNOT CRY OUT! HE IS HELPLESS! AS HELPLESS AS THE POOR UNFORTUNATES THAT HE ONCE FRATED UPON HIMSELF...
YOU TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW, EZRA! YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO MARK UP GOODS! YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO THROW IN ALL THE EXTRAS! WELL, NOW YOU'RE GETTING THEM ALL... YOURSELF!
AH, YES! EZRA'S FUNERAL REALLY IS SOMETHING! IT IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE FUNERAL COOPER AND MITCHEL EVER ARRANGED! THE CASKET WITH THE POLISHED BRASS HANDLES AND THE VELVET-LINED INTERIOR IS LOWERED SLOWLY INTO THE GAPING SIX FOOT HOLE! INSIDE, EZRA LIES, STARING UP INTO THE BLACKNESS THAT SURROUNDS HIM. UNABLE TO MOVE... UNABLE TO CRY OUT... HELPLESS
HEE, HEE! TEE! EZRA WAS BURIED ALIVE! A JUST PUNISHMENT, I WOULD SAY! WHAT ABOUT CHARLIE? WHAT'S HIS PUNISHMENT? DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL GET HIM... AT HIS FUNERAL! HEE, HEE! AND NOW I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THAT MAUGEATING OLD BUZZARD, THE VAULT-KEEPER! HE'S WAITING WITH HIS HORROR YARN! OH... IF YOU HAVEN'T AS YET ORDERED YOUR BACK ISSUES FROM ME READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE! SEE YOU LATER!
THE END

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! WELL, CREEPING CORPSES! IF IT ISN'T TIME FOR ANOTHER GRUESOME TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE PRE-CAUTIONS THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN BEFORE READING ONE OF MY HORRIFYING YARNS . SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I GIVE YOU THE STORY I CALL...

THE VAMP!

HEAVING AND TOSSING, THE HUGE SHIP LABORED UNDER THE POUNDING OF THE BILLOWING, CRASHING WAVES THAT SWEPT ACROSS HER DECKS . YET HELD A SLOW BUT TRUE COURSE FOR ENGLAND...



NESTLED COMFORTABLY IN THEIR CABIN, ARTHUR LAND AND HIS WIFE, OEENA, HAPPILY PORES OVER TRAVEL FOLDERS OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT...

ISN'T IT *WONDERFUL*, ARTHUR? IT'S JUST LIKE A SECORD HONEYMOON!

ONE WHOLE MONTH! BOY, ARE WE GOIHA TO HAVE A *TIME!*

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THEIR SHIP DOCKED IN ERGLAND...

WHY, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NOT FOGGY AT ALL!

HA, HA! NOT *EVERY* DAY IS RAINY AND FOGGY, OEENA! THE SUN SHINES HERE TOO!

DURING THE TWO WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, ARTHUR AND OEENA LIVED LIFE TO THE HILT— LONDON, PARIS, GENEVA, VIENNA, MILAN, ROME—

AND FINALLY ONE NIGHT, TIRED BUT HAPPY, THEY CHECKED INTO A HOTEL IN BUDAPEST, *HUNGARY!*

OH, I'M JUST *EXHAUSTED!* I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO BED!

NOT ME! I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK BEFORE I TURN IN!

WELL, IF I'M ASLEEP WHEN YOU GET BACK, DON'T DISTURB ME! I THINK I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK!

OKAY, HONEY! PLEASANT DREAMS!

EERIE SHADOWS FALL ACROSS THE STREETS, AS ARTHUR WALKED THROUGH THE CHILLY, DAMP HUNGARIAN NIGHT..

I'VE COME A LONG WAY.. BEEN WALKING LONGER THAN I THOUGHT

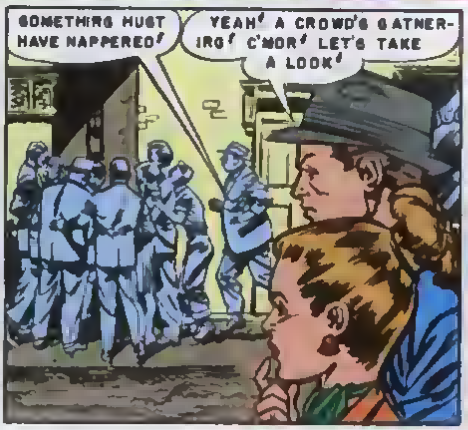
..GUESS I'D BETTER START BACK TO THE HOTEL! MAYBE OEENA'S.. SAY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE RUNNING THIS WAY!

A GIRL!
HELP! OH, HELP PLEASE! A DEAD MAN DOWN THERE!
A DEAD MAN? WE BETTER CALL THE POLICE!
NO! THEY WILL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH! IF YOU OR I ARE FOUND HERE, WE WILL BE IN GREAT TROUBLE! WE MUST LEAVE!
BUT... BUT WHY? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! AT LEAST
THERE HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF MURDERS OF LATE! THE POLICE HAVE REACHED THE POINT WHERE THEY WILL PROSECUTE ANYONE!
LISTEN! POLICE SIRENS!
YOU SEE? OH, PLEASE! YOU MUST BELIEVE AND TRUST ME! QUICKLY! THIS WAY!
ARTHUR HUMBLY FOLLOWED THE RAVISHING, DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY THROUGH NUMEROUS STREETS AND ALLEYS UNTIL FINALLY...
WE ARE SAFE NOW! I LIVE NEAR HERE... WILL YOU TAKE ME HOME?
WHY... WHY, YES! I'D BE DELIGHTED TO!
FOR A LONG WHILE THEY STOOD IN THE SHADOWS TALKING QUIETLY... INTIMATELY! ARTHUR'S HEAD REELED WITH THE SMELL OF HER EXOTIC PERFUME, THE CLOSENESS OF THEIR BODIES...
GEORGETTE... IT'S GETTING LATE! I MEAN... I DON'T WANT TO GO, BUT... MY WIFE...
I KNOW, ARTHUR! ...YOUR WIFE!
YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER MET! I... I ALMOST WISH THAT I WASN'T MARRIED! I MEAN, YOU SEEM TO CAST A SPELL OVER ME, GEORGETTE...
YES, ARTHUR?
3

REH, HEH! ARTHUR RETURREO TO THE NOTEL ARO EREAKED INTO GEO' RE ELEPT FITFULLY, FOR A TARTALIZIRG VIGION OF GEORGETTE PLAGUED HIG THOUGHTG. THE REXT OAY, ARTNUR FOURD IT OIFFICULT TO KEEP HIG MIRO FROM WARDERIRG—UNTIL HE EAW TNE ROKRING NEWSPAPER.

NEN, REH!

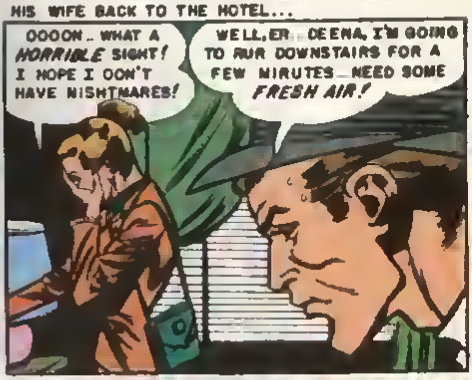
TRAT EVERIRG, ARTRUR AND EEERA ETROLLED ALORE THE AVENUE.



SUGWAY-WISE, ARTHUR AND NIG WIFE EAEILY ELGOWED TREIR WAY TO TNE FRORT OF THE CROWD. ARO ETARED OOWR AT THE LIFELEEG EOOY OF A YOURG NUNGARIAN GIRL.

APPREHENSIVELY, ARTHUR'S EYES SEARCHED THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM. A MOMENT PASSED BEFORE HE REALIZED THAT ONE WAS STARING DIRECTLY BACK AT HIM... *GEORGETTE!*

THEY LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER FOR LONG MINUTES. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE! ARTHUR TOOK HIS WIFE BACK TO THE HOTEL...



A SHORT WHILE LATER ARTHUR WAS IN GEORGETTE'S ARMS...

IT WAS ALMOST DAWN WHEN ARTHUR TIREDLY AND SHAMEFACEDLY ENTERED THE HOTEL ROOM. HIS CONSCIENCE HAD FINALLY WON ITS BATTLE... AND HE WAS READY TO TELL EVERYTHING...

ARTHUR SLUMPED ON THE BED AND TOLD DEENA THE WHOLE, SORDID TRUTH...

TRAT RIERT ARTRUR STROOE THE STREETS TO GEORGETTE'S ROUEE, OEEP IN THOUERT...
I'LL TELL HER I CAN'T SEE HER ANYMORE! I DON'T LOVE HER...IT WAS JUST A VACATION ROMANCE! AN INFATUATION.. HEY! WHAT'E EOIRE OR UP AREAD THERE?
SOMEORE PULLED TRAT MAR INTO TRE ALLEY! LISTEN TO HIS SCREAMS! I'VE EOT TO RELP RIM!
RACINE IRTO THE ALLEY, ARTRUR EAW A SINIETER FIGURE RUDDLED OVER TRE MAR OR TRE GROUND.
HEY, YOU! STOP!
WRA..?
GEORGETTE!
YOU...KILLED HIM! YOU'RE A VAMPIRE! A FILTHY, BLOODTHIRSTY VAMPIRE! I HATE YOU! I DESPISE YOU! YOU DISGUST ME!
NO! ARTHUR, LISTEN TO ME!
LEAVE ME ALONE! GET OUT OF MY WAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
ARTHUR! COME BACK! I WON'T LET YOU GO! I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I'LL LET YOU GO BACK TO HER!
WHAP

LATER, ARTHUR BREATHLESSLY ENTERED THE HOTEL ROOM AND HURRIEDLY BEGAN PACKING. HIS WIFE WAS STRANGELY ABSENT...
...NARROW ESCAPE! I'M JUST A DUMB FOOL! WHEN DEENA COMES BACK WE'LL HOP A PLANE...
BUT HOURS PASSED BEFORE DEENA FINALLY RETURNED...
HONEY... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
YES, I KNOW... GEORGETTE SAID YOU WOULD BE!
GEORGETTE? YOU'VE BEEN TO SEE GEORGETTE?
YES! I WENT TO ASK HER TO GIVE YOU UP...BUT WE QUARRELED!
IS THAT WHY YOU LOOK SO..SO PALE? WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?
WE ARGUED...AND THEN SHE ATTACKED ME! I KNOW SHE BIT ME...
...SEE? HERE? HERE ON THE NECK! I GUESS I PASSED OUT THEN!
ON THE NECK? GOOD LORD! NO WONDER YOU'RE SO PALE! SHE'S DRAINED YOU OF YOUR BLOOD! SHE...SHE'S TURNED YOU INTO A...A...
VAMPIRE!
-THE END-
HEH, HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE KIND OF STORY I LIKE TO TELL...EVERYBODY GETS IT... IN THE NECK! BUT GEORGETTE KEPT HER WORD, DIDN'T SHE? SHE COULDN'T KILL ARTHUR HERSELF...SO SHE FIXED IT SO DEENA WOULD DO THE JOB! WE ALL KNOW THAT A VAMPIRE'S VICTIM BECOMES A VAMPIRE TOO! THAT'S REALLY GETTING NIP OF TWO BATS WITH ONE STONE, EH? WELL... NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE OLD WITCH... ANOTHER OLD BAT? YOU'LL FIND HER COLUMN BRIMMING OVER WITH INFO INCLUDING THE METHOD FOR OBTAINING BACK ISSUES FROM YOUR THREE GHOULUNATICS!

THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Old Witch

I'm ten years old. I just love your comics, especially "Diminishing Returns!" from HAUNT #8.

1) Have you heard of Ren & Stimpy?
2) Can I have a free comic?
3) Can you make a comic about ghouls?
4) Can you teach me how to draw the Crypt-Keeper?

I would like a pen pal! Your biggest fan,

Jeremy Rainer
6A Lee ST
Forest LK MN 55025

1) No, but I heard FROM them (a postcard at Christmas).

2) We charge about $2 plus shipping for our free comics.

3) I don't do ghouls exclusively (I like to play the field!).

4) Sure. Just put a little Gerital X-tra Strength in a saucer near the Crypt. Draw him out every time.

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I love your comic books. The Old Witch is the best. I especially enjoyed "Diminishing Returns!" in HAUNT 8. That was awesome when the shrunken head (deleted). I have one question. Who do you like better, CK or VK?

Michael Mayer
Mansfield OH

I deleted your reminder of just what happened at the end of "Returns," there may be someone who hasn't read it yet!

Between CK and VK, it's a toss up. And I make of your cookies!

—OW

Dear Russ Cochran

I am a very big fan of your comics. I have only one question: What is this "extra-large" CRYPT that I have heard about? Please print my address. I love to get mail from other EC fans.

Brandon Hendrix
POB 117
Broken Bow OK 74728

Way back yonder, when reprinting of these comics as comic books was begun, we did one issue of an Extra-Large size (tabloid-sized, treasury-sized; whatever you call it, it's about 10x13) comic. It reprints both CRYPT 31 (real number: #151) and CRIME 12. What this means in practical terms is, TWO of my HAUNT stories! $6 each plus shipping according to the schedule at the end of this column.

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I was hungry for some good old-fashioned thrills and chills, but you served up more than I could have imagined in HAUNT #8! "Hounded to Death!" was a fitting start to my "meal." Poor old Steven. I felt bad for him. But I guess we all knew he was dogmeat from the start. Then you let VK tease my palate a bit with his course, "The Very Strange Mummy!" I mean a mummy and a Vampire story all wrapped in one package, what a treat!

Then you came in with the main course. "Diminishing Returns!" I was eager to read the shrunken head story from the moment I laid eyes on the cover. Ooh this was a tasty little dish. Just ask Hagen, he'll tell you! He sure showed Vincent that two heads aren't always better than one.

Thanks OW for a great helping of horror! Please keep them coming...or heads will roll (and Hagen's will lead the pack!!

Jim Davis
Pullman WA

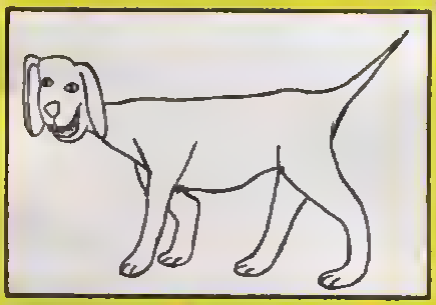
And for dessert, a special "Haunt of Fear" story in the back of CRIME SUSPENSTORIES! A mummy to tickle your tummy and a vampire to tickle your...neck! Yes, heads will roll and stomachs will roll, thus the Rollalds!

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

Your stories are the scariest ones. I collect your comics. I already have HAUNT 8. My favorite is "Hounded to Death!" Keep the picture. Your fan,

Cassie Mootz
Peebles, OH



Remember, you can fill in your collection of any of these scarifying titles! See the section at the end of this column. I like your drawing, but it makes me nervous—why is that dog smiling?!

—OW

Dear Russ

I had planned to take a month off from ordering a volume of the (hardback) EC LIBRARY volumes. But then I noticed from your order form that quite a few more books had sold out and are no longer available. Nothing is worse than having a set that is missing just one book, such as the case with my HAUNT set missing Volume One.

Well, keep up the good work. I look forward to getting my three EC comics at the BIG GUYS COMICS shop every month.

Warren Standifird
Sunnyvale CA

No news is GHOUL news, but the GOOD news is—sets of the hardback HAUNT OF FEAR EC LIBRARY will be back in stock in about six weeks!! These are the complete reprintings in 9x12 books, HAUNT runs to five volumes! The story pages are in b&w, but are as true to the original art pages you may

see stuff we can't possible reproduce in these comic books! My personal lineographer, Ghastly Graham Ingels, benefits mightily from the big, beautiful page size. Watch this space for further info. —OW

Dear Russ,

When are you going to ship your EC albums or 32-page comics to department stores or other places that sell comics? Some people aren't able to buy volumes or sets. Even as cheap as you sell them.

Barry Martin II — address unknown

You've asked a question we GhouLunatics don't know the answer to! But I do know you can buy back issues of these reasonably priced 32-pg comics and subscriptions direct from us by mail! —OW

Dear Russ

I've enclosed another poem. I hope you like it. I've been writing a lot of poetry lately for newspapers and others. It makes me feel wonderful everytime I see one of my poems in print in your magazines ("The Fine Arts" page was a great idea.)

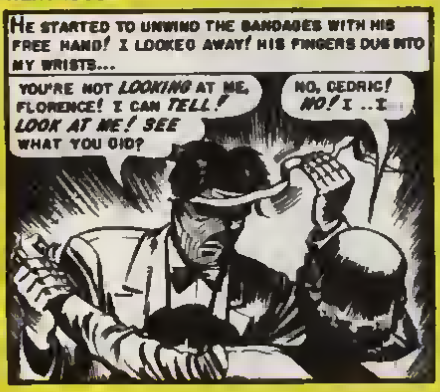
Phyliss The Zombie

Phyliss lived to socialize,
A zombie though she be
With a blank-eyed stare
And a fetid air
She took a shine to me
With a voodoo chant
And a voodoo dance
She boogied all the while
The living dead
With blue lips said,
"I really like her style."
She did the twist
With a broken wrist
And the mashed potato, too.
She fell apart
And it broke my heart
(You lovely zombie, you)

Frank X. Matteson — Lancaster, PA

Like I said above, The Crypt-Keeper gets first crack at the poems and drawings. He runs them in a feature called "The Page of Fine Art," which appears in the SF books, The Suspenstory books and TWO-FISTED TALES. If you're reading only the horror books, you're missing this reader-written material, and plenty good EC stories, too! —OW

NEXT ISSUE

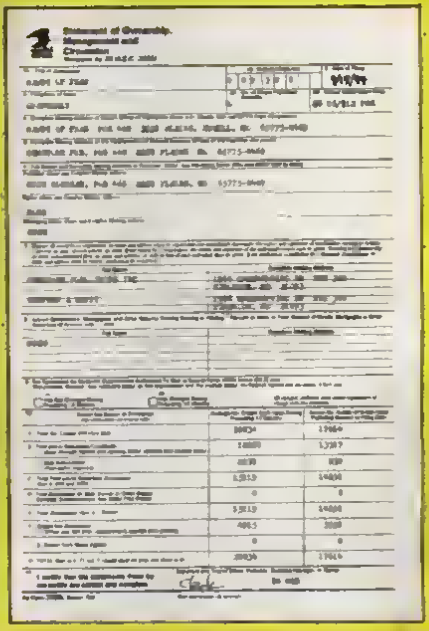


Dear Old Witch,

I've just finished reading GLAD HAUNT #1 and #2. I loved the story "Horror Wa? How'e Bayou?" I also love "Room for One More". I'm going to start my subscription to your disgusting mag soon. Do you have any zombie stories coming up? Ghoulishly yours,

Corey Dollack — W Hartford CT

Don't forget; there were four more 84-pg GLAD HAUNTs! No zombies on the horizon. Just plenty risen corpses, vampires, ironic retributions—normal stuff like that! But, in your honor, I've filched a putrid poem off The Crypt-Keeper's desk, and it features a zombie! See above. —OW



This month: INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #10 and CRIME #10. Next month: The 11th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #8, $1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $2 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write for HAUNT to RUSS COCHRAN, POB 649, WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS HAUNT OF FEAR #10 (NOV/DEC 1951)

COVER by Al Feldstein	
"Grave Business!"	Graham Ingels
"The Vamp!"	Craig/Davis
"My Uncle Ekar!"	Jack Kamen
"Bum Steer!"	Jack Davis

We welcome letters of individual. We cannot promise to acknowledge publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically address direct address and zip code letters you clearly state your wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters: to do so we need your address on the individual order.

More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called...

FAN CLUB NEWS! #9

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER

I just wanted to drop you a little note telling you and all the others you're doing a great job A-OK with me, Captin. I saw the improvement from the very first issue of the 32-page reprints. Good quality color that's nice and clear and it doesn't smudge! Keep up the good work gang!

Feel free to print my address so I can hear from other crazy fans out in this crazy world

Jess Newmann POB 320 W Sand Lk, NY 12196

Dear VK,

I buy every [EC] I can and watch the HBO show whenever possible. I like the comics better than the shows (even though I truly enjoyed "Came The Dawn!" of the cable series. Remember? "Roger is mine! ' Hack! Hack!) Some of your stories were changed and rewritten for the worse. "Maniac at Large" was *trashed*; the ending was the worst. The story's shockending was destroyed—it didn't even let you know that she was in fact the killer. "Lower Berth!" would have been better if it would have followed the comic story more closer. ' Dead Wait!" (which was not a bad story on HBO) was altered so much that there were no similarities in the stories except for the part about the red hair. (Whoop! Goldberg's part was a man's. Vanity's character was never in the original story and the stone's owner was never killed) In ' Werewolf Concerto! ', I didn't understand why the character of the werewolf hunter was introduced and why, at the end, he wasn't a werewolf as the hotel owner in the comic was.

Some changes I liked. In "The Reluctant Vampire," I liked the idea that the vampire was not killed, because he was kindhearted.

Changes. That goes to feed into my question of why some television and movie writers take a work and alter it so much that except for a few minor things, the work does not resemble the original at all—and they still credit the original writer. (e.g. the movies STEVEN KING'S GRAVEYARD SHIFT, STEPHEN KING'S THE LAWNMOWER MAN, LOGAN'S RUN, BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE, THE HOWLING, etc.)? Don't they know they can save money by calling it something else and crediting themselves?

Eddie Ray Rosario Hempstead, NY

They save money on the script, and lose money on the lawsuits. This is called, "checks and balances."
—VK

Greetings and salutations! I've been wanting to buy an original EC comic but I've only seen two at $100 each.

These classics are better than any of the comics available today. Here's a list of my picks for the best ECs I've read. Keep in mind that I favor the sci-fi comics, and I haven't read every EC. What are your favorites?

BEST COVERS
3. IMPACT 5 (Davis)
2. SHOCK 3 (Wood)
1. W SCI 1 (Feldstein)

BEST ART IN A SINGLE STORY
3. ' Uppercut!" (Davis/SHOCK 4)
2. Master Race (Krigstein/IMPACT 1)
1. "A Sound of Thunder" (Williamson/W S-F 3)

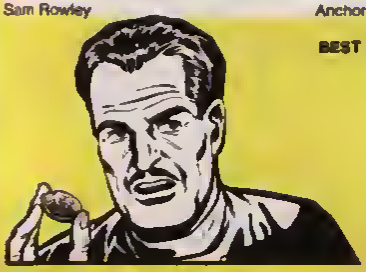
BEST ADAPATIONS
3. Adam Link Series (W S-F)
2. ' Touch And Go!" (CRIME 17)
1. ' A Sound of Thunder! ' (W S-F 3)

BEST SINGLE STORY
3. ' "The Sounds from Another World" (Kurtzman/W SCI 3)
2. "Kill! ' (Kurtzman/2FIST 6)
1. 'Master Race" (Feldstein/IMPACT 1)

BEST OVERALL COMIC
3. 2FIST 17 or SHOCK 2
2. HAUNT 3
1. W S-F 4

BEST PRICE LOOK-ALIKE
"Seeds of Jupiter" (Feldstein/W SCI 8, pg 5)

Sam Rowley Anchorage..AK



HEY, EC FANADDICTS. HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR's #3 issue is due out in late January! Vampires, zombies, werewolves, and other ghoulish ghouls have subscribed and now here's your opportunity! Just $8.00 gets you 4 issues of our muck-mag or if your not sure about what our cruddy cauldron has in it, send for just one issue for 2 terrible dollars! Don't delay! Issues 1 & 2 have sold out quicker than a vampire can sink his teeth in your mother-in-law (not quick enough eh??)!! Send de check mon to: Sam Kingston's HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR. 30 Ivy Drive. Midvale, Utah 84047

Hi! Wanted to write for a long time, but was afraid I wouldn't think of something to top what you already printed from me. Re: release of bios of artists—put in different photos.

Concerning "Tomb's Day!", wasn't that originally published when DICK TRACY had the character Sphynx? Please print my full name and address.

John Cocca 40 Alden AV
W Islip, NY 11795

See "Tombs-Day!" in 64-pg RCP VAULT #5—that issue of VAULT (#35) was released in late 93/early 94. You Tracy-heads tell ME!
—VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSS COCHRAN, POB 469, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775.

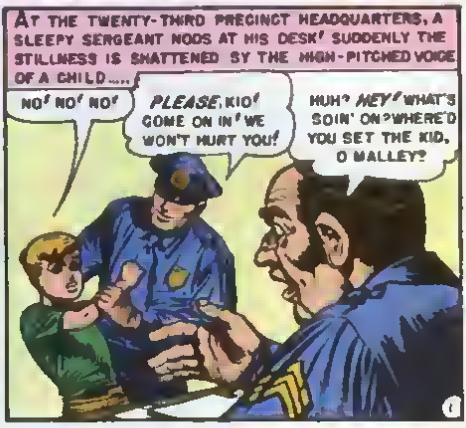
We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual note.

The brat insists, 'I wont to MURDER people just like ...

MY UNCLE EKAR!

NIGHT SLANKETS THE CITY! THESE ARE THE HOUNS WHEN PEOPLE SLEEP IN THEIR SEDS BEHIND DNAWN BLINDS...AND THINSS OF EVIL CRAWL FROM SENEATH THEIN HIDING PLACES AND ROAM DESENTED HOUSES AND EMPTY ALLEYS! THESE ARE THE HOURS WHEN SOME UNFORTUNATES MEET VIOLENT DEATHS..

AT THE TWENTY-THIRD PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS, A SLEEPY SERGEANT NODS AT HIS DESK! SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS IS SHATTENED SY THE HIGH-PITCHED VOICE OF A CHILD....

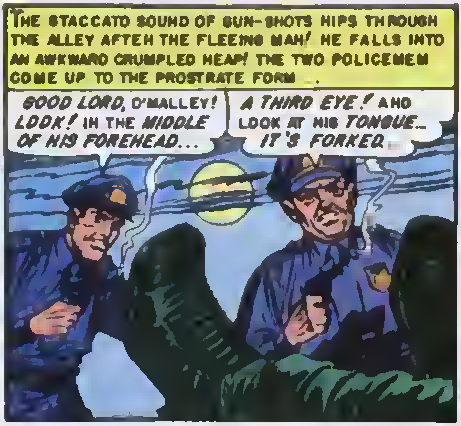


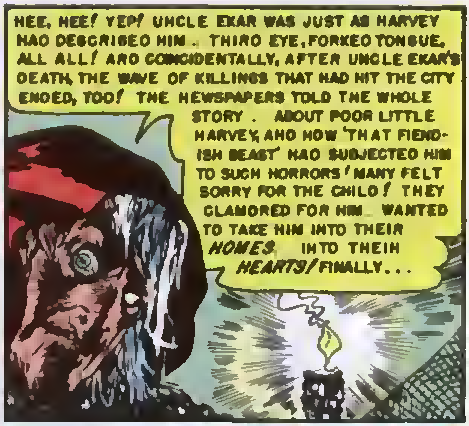
A SMALL WIDE-EYED YOUNGSTER IS LED INTO THE PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS BY A GRIM-FACED OFFICER...
ME AND REILLY WERE CRUISIN DOWN NEAR THE WORST SECTION OF TOWN, WHEN WE SPOTTED HIM!
AT TWO-THIRTY IN THE MORNIN'?
MAYBE YOU CAN DO SOMETHIN' WITH HIM SARGE! WE COULDN'T!
RUN DOWN TO THE FREEZER O'NALLEY! BRING UP A... YOU KNOW!
AFTER OFFICER O'MALLEY LEAVES, THERE IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE... AND THEN
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?
HARVEY!
HARVEY WHAT?
JUST HARVEY!
BLASTED BRATS! THEY'RE NEVER ANY HELP AT ALL...
NO PLACE!
WHERE DO YOU LIVE, HARVEY?
HEH, HEH! YOU MEAN YOU JUST WALK AROUND THE STREETS, DAY AND NIGHT, WITH NO HOME TO GO TO, EH?
UH-HUH! THAT'S RIGHT!
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE'S GONNA BE TOUGH!
I WATCH PEOPLE GET MURDERED!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU DO ALL NIGHT, WANDERING AROUND LIKE THAT?
YOU WHAT?
HERE Y'ARE, SARGE!
OH, BOY! AN ICE-CREAM POP.. FOR ME?
WAIT A MINUTE, O'MALLEY! LISTEN, KID! WHAT DID YOU SAY JUST NOW?
I SAID I WATCH PEOPLE GET MURDERED! NOW CAN I HAVE MY ICE-CREAM POP?
2

OH, LORD! WHY DO I HAVE TO GET THESE THINGS?
YOU WATCH PEOPLE GET MURDERED, KID?
UH-HUH!
YEAH? OKAY! WHEN DID YOU SEE SOMEONE GET MURDERED LAST!
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT? WHERE?
IN THE VACANT LOT ON SPRING STREET AT WABASH!
MAN OR WOMAN?
LET'S SEE! TONIGHT IT WAS A... MAN!
DID YOU SEE WHO DID IT?
OF COUNSE! UNCLE EKAR... I CALL HIM UNCLE... HE DID IT! HE ALWAYS DOES IT! I JUST WATCH!
WHAT DOES YOUR UNCLE EK... WHATEVER IT IS... LOOK LIKE, KID?
HE'S GOT THREE EYES... AND A FORKED TONGUE! HIS THIRD EYE IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD!
WHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT THE KID WAS SERIOUS!
BETTER RUN OVER TO SPRING AND WABASH ANYWAY, O'MALLEY!
I AN SERIOUS! THAT'S WHAT UNCLE EKAR LOOKS LIKE! YOU ASKED ME AND I TOLD YOU!
SURE, KID! SURE! SET GOING, O'MALLEY!
YEAH, SARGE! S'LONG! S'LONG, KID!
'BYE, OFFICER! YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE FENCE!
THANKS! WE'LL LOOK!
I SAID SET GOING, O'MALLEY! THAT MEANS NOW!
YOU'RE YELLING, MISTER SERGEANT!
YEAH! WELL... I... H-R-RUMMPH! ER... WHERE DID YOU SAY THIS GUY... YOUR UNCLE EKAR... LIVES?

NO PLACE!
YOU MEAN HE WANDERS AROUND THE STREETS LIKE YOU DO?
UH-HUH! I GO WITH HIM! YOU'RE YELLING AGAIN!
AND HE'S GOT THREE EYES AND A FORKED TONGUE?
UH-HUH!
AH, SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR ICE-CREAM, WHILE I TYPE OUT THIS REPORT!
LOST KIDS' BAH!
SERGEANT BRODY INSERTED A 'LOST CHILD REPORT' INTO HIS TYPEWRITER AND BEGAN TO FILL IT OUT...
TIME... TWO-THIRTY A.M! PLACE... ER... WHERE'D THEY FIND YOU, KID?
SPRING STREET NEAR WABASH!
SPRING, NEAR WABASH! NAME... HARVEY... ER.. WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME KID?
I TOLD YOU! I DON'T HAVE A LAST NAME!
KID! I HOPE YOU HAVE MY JOB WHEN YOU GROW UP! THAT'S WHAT I HOPE!
OH, NO! I'M NOT GOING TO BE A POLICE-MAN WHEN I GROW UP! I WANT TO BE LIKE UNCLE EXAR!
AND I SUPPOSE YOU WANNA GO 'ROUND MURDERING PEOPLE, TOO!
UH-HUH!
LAST NAME... NOT GIVEN! AGE... HOW OLD ARE YOU, KID?
TWENTY-FOUR!
SARGE! SARGE!
TWENTY-FOUR! WHY, I OUGHT TO...
SARGE! THE KID WAS RIGHT! THERE WAS A STIFF IN THAT LOT! DEAD AS A MACKEREL!
4

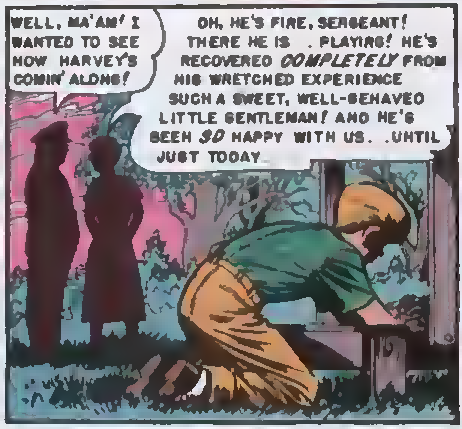
THE TWO POLICEMES STASE AT TSE YOUNGSTES WHO IS JUST LICKING THE LAST TRACE OF CHOCOLATE FSOM THE ICE-CREAM STICK...
HOW'D YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, KID?
I TOLD YOU! I WATCHED UNCLE EKAR DO IT!
EVES SEE HIM KILL ANYBODY ELSE?
UH-HUH! LAST NIGHT... A LADY... NEAR THE LAKE ...IN THE PARK
HE READ ABOUT THAT IN THE PAPERS, SARGE!
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS KID CAN'T READ! HE MUST BE SIX.. THE MOST!
I'M TWENTY FOUR! UNCLE EKAR IS ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY!
WHENE CAN WE FIND HIM... THIS UNCLE OF YOURS, KID?
I TOLD YOU! HE'S NOT MY REAL UNCLE! SE SAID HE'D MEET ME... IN THE ALLET... NEAS PRISCE ASD NISH... LATES!
HE SAID..
OKAY, O'MALLEY! TAKE THIS KID OVEN TO THE CHILDREN'S SHELTES ASD HUSRY SIGHT BACK! WE'VE SOT A DATE... WITS UNCLE EKAR!
SARGE! ARE YOU GOING TO SELIEVE THIS KID ABOUT THE THREE EYES AND THE FORKED TONGUE?
O'MALLEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SELIEVE! SOW GET GOING!
LATES THAT NIGHT, TWO OFFICERS CSOUCH SEHIND A PILE OF GARBAGE CASS ASD LITTES IN AN ALLEY NEAR PRINCE AND NISH...
I TOLD YOU THE KID WAS ALL WET! LET'S QUIT! I'M SETTIN'..
SHUT UP! LOOK! SOMEOSE'S COMIS' UP THE ALLEY!
HARVEY? THAT YOU?
OKAY, SUDDY! STRETCH!
NO! NO!
HE'S SETTIN' AWAY, O'MALLEY! HEY, YOU! STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!
3


THE STACCATO SOUND OF GUN-SHOTS RIPS THROUGH THE ALLEY AFTER THE FLEEING MAN! HE FALLS INTO AN AWKWARD CRUMPLED HEAP! THE TWO POLICEMEN COME UP TO THE PROSTRATE FORM ..
GOOD LORD, O'MALLEY! LOOK! IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD...
A THIRD EYE! AND LOOK AT HIS TONGUE... IT'S FORKED..


HEE, HEE! YEP! UNCLE EKAR WAS JUST AS HARVEY HAD DESCRIBED HIM .. THIRD EYE, FORKED TONGUE, ALL ALL! AND COINCIDENTALLY, AFTER UNCLE EKAR'S DEATH, THE WAVE OF KILLINGS THAT HAD HIT THE CITY ENDED, TOO! THE NEWSPAPERS TOLD THE WHOLE STORY . ABOUT POOR LITTLE HARVEY, AND HOW 'THAT FIENDISH BEAST' HAD SUBJECTED HIM TO SUCH HORRORS! MANY FELT SORRY FOR THE CHILD! THEY CLAMORED FOR HIM.. WANTED TO TAKE HIM INTO THEIR HOMES.. INTO THEIR HEARTS! FINALLY...

HARVEY! THIS IS MR AND MRS. ARNOLD VANDURGHOFF! THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO ADOPT YOU! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU TO THEIR GREAT BIG HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY!
HELLO, HARVEY! YOU CAN CALL ME MOTHER!
YES, MA'AM!

THEY WERE RICH, THE VANDURGHOFFS! THEY DID TAKE HARVEY TO THEIR ESTATE IN THE COUNTRY! HARVEY GOT EVERYTHING HE WANTED ...
HELLO THERE, MRS. VANDURGHOFF!
WHY, SERGEANT BRODY. IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO CALL!


WELL, MA'AM! I WANTED TO SEE HOW HARVEY'S COMIN' ALONG!
OH, HE'S FINE, SERGEANT! THERE HE IS . PLAYING! HE'S RECOVERED COMPLETELY FROM HIS WRETCHED EXPERIENCE SUCH A SWEET, WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE GENTLEMAN! AND HE'S BEEN SO HAPPY WITH US. .UNTIL JUST TODAY

YOU SEE, HIS DOG DIED LAST NIGHT!
THE END!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *GHOULS!* I SEE I HAVE *LAST SPOT* AGAIN! WELL, *LAST* BUT NOT *LEAST*, I ALWAYS SAY! YES, IT'S *THE CRYPT-KEEPER* .. YOUR HOST IN *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* OUR STORY THIS TIME IS A FAVORITE OF MINE, ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL *CHILL THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES* AND MAKE THE *HAIR* ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK *CRAWL!* I CALL THIS *BLOOD-CURDLING* YARN

BUM STEER!

MANUEL RODERO, THE *FARED* MATADOR — THE TOAST OF MADRID — STOOD IN THE SHADOWS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BULL-RING, RESPLENDENT IN HIS GOLD-EMBROIDERED SATIN COSTUME! BEYOND, IN THE SUNLIGHT, THE WILDLY CHEERING CROWD HOWLED ITS APPROVAL AS THE PICADORES MOUNTED ON THEIR BLINDFOLDED HORSES, GOADED THE BULL WITH THEIR SHARP GARROCHAS! MANUEL FINGERED THE HANDLE OF HIS SWORD NERVOUSLY .. HIS DAZZLING RED CAPE DRAPED ON HIS ARM ..

A BISSAL WAS SIVEN ASD MANUEL SODESO STRODE OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT! A RESOUNDING OYATION EXPLODED FROM THE SPECTATORS WHEN THEY CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIM! MANUEL WAS THEIS FAVORITE — THE STAS OF THE MADRID SULLFIGHTS! HE CROSSED THE BLOOD-STAINED AMENA AND STOPPED BEFORE A FLAG-DRAPED BOX ...

SEE! HE SALUTES *MARIA CARLO*...HIS *BELOVED!*

HE IS DEDICATING THE *BULL* TO HES — AS HE *ALWAYS* DOES!

AN ATTRACTIVE DARK-EYED SEÑORITA SODDED TO MANUEL. SMILED, AND TOSSED A PERFUMED LACE HANDKESCHIEF TO HIM...

SEE? SHE THROWS SER *HANDKERCHIEF* TO HIM!

SHE DOES THAT *EVERY* TIME HE FIGHTS!

MANUEL CAUGHT THE HANDESCHIEF WITH THE POINT OF HIS SWOSO ASD PSESSED IT TO HIS LIPS — INHALING ITS PESFUMED FRAGRANCE...

THEN HE TUCKED IT INTO HIS BELT AND TURNED TO FACE THE ENRAGED, SNORTING, WOUNDED SULL

SLOWLY — GRACEFULLY — HE UN-FUSLED HIS SCARLET CAPE! THE SULL LOWESED ITS HEAD, PAWING THE SROUND

AS THE SULL CHASSED, MANUEL DANCED LISHTLY OUT OF ITS WAY — LIFTING HIS CAPE ABOVE THE LETHAL HORNS

SSAVO!

BEAUTIFUL!

PESFECT!

TIME AND ASAIS THE BULL CHASSED — AND TIME AND ASAIN MANUEL SRACEFULLY SIDE-STEPPED ITS DEATH-DEALING HORNS! BEADS OF PERSPIRATION STOOD OUT ON MANUEL'S FACE LIKE LITTLE DIAMONDS! MANUEL'S HAND SHOOK, AS HE EXTENDED HIS SWORD FOS THE ESTOCADA — THE DEATH SLOW —

LISTEN TO THEM! LISTEN TO THEIR INSANE *SCREAMING!* THEY THINK I'M *BRAVE!* *MARIA* THINKS I'M BRAVE! IF THEY OSLY *KNEW*... HOW *FRIGHTENED* I AM!

E

YES! MANUEL WAS *SCARED!* SCARED *STIFF!* OH, SURE. *ONCE* HE HAD SEEN BRAVE! WHEN HE WAS *YOUNG* AND *COCKY!* BUT LATELY HIS *NERVE HAD GONE.. VANISHED!* MANUEL *WAS* AFRAID. HE'D BEEN *HIDING* IT FROM THE CROWD — FROM MARIA! IF THEY EVER *FOUND OUT*... HE'D BE *FINISHED*. . *WASHED UP!*

MANUEL DRAPED THE SWORD WITH HIS RED CLOAK AND KNELT AS THE BULL TURNED FOR A FINAL CHARGE. THIS WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HIS PERFORMANCE

MY HAND IS SHAKING. I CANNOT HOLD MY SWORD STILL.

THE BULL TORE ACROSS THE RING AT MANUEL! HE WATCHED IT WITH WIDE EYES.. HIS PULSE POUNDING! SUDDENLY... FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! THE SWORD SLIPPED FROM HIS HAND

LOOK! RODERO'S HE LOST HIS NERVE! DROPPED HIS SWORD! *BOOOOO*

FOR A MOMENT MANUEL HESITATED! THERE WAS STILL TIME TO RECOVER HIS SWORD AND REDEEM HIMSELF IN THE EYES OF THE JEERING CROWD! BUT ONE LOOK AT THE BULL... HURTLING AT HIM... ITS RED EYES BURNING... ITS HORNS MENACING... WAS ENOUGH...

HE'S RUNNING! *HE'S SCARED!* *RODERO IS FINISHED!*

IN THE SAFETY OF THE ENCLOSURE BENEATH THE GRANDSTAND, MANUEL RODERO FELL TO HIS KNEES, SOBBING! OUTSIDE, THE CROWD HOOTED AND YELLED, DEMANDING THE SHOW FOR WHICH THEY HAD PAID THEIR ADMISSIONS...

MANUEL! WHAT HAPPENED? *I DON'T KNOW! I I DON'T KNOW!* WHERE IS THE *NOVICE*.. THE *YOUNG* ONE... *ARTURO ELZAR?* SEND *HIM* OUT *IMMEDIATELY!*

A YOUNG PROMISING MATADOR... ARTURO ELZAR... WAS DISPATCHED INTO THE RING AS A SUBSTITUTE TO QUIET THE SHOUTING AUDIENCE! A MOVEMENT NEAR MANUEL MADE HIM TURN! MARIA STOOD BEFORE HIM... STARING DOWN AT HIM... A LOOK OF SCORN ON HER FACE...

MARIA! I... I'M SORRY! I... I'M GETTING OLD! I... COULDN'T...

MY HANDKERCHIEF, MANUEL! I WANT MY HANDKERCHIEF!

MARIA BENT AND SNATCHED HER PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF FROM MANUEL'S BELT! THEN SHE TURNED AND LEFT! OUTSIDE, THE CROWD CHEERED AS ARTURO ELZAN GRACEFULLY SIDE-STEPPED THE BULL'S MURDEROUS CHARGE

MARIA! MARIA! SOB... SOB...

LISTEN TO THEM OUT THERE! THEY'RE *CHEERING!* THEY *LIKE* THE NOVICE, ARTURO ELZAR!

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE YOUNG MATADOR DANCED AWAY FROM THE ONRUSHING BULL! WITH EACH PASS, THE CROWD SENT UP A THUNDEROUS ROAR! FINALLY, THE ESPADA WAS DELIVERED AND THE TORTURED BULL FELL DEAD! ARTURO TURNED TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE WILD CHEERS OF THE CROWD...

BRAVO! EXCELLENT! MADRID HAS A NEW STAR MATADOR!

ARTURO STRODE ACROSS THE RING TO THE FLAG-DRAPED BOX OF MARIA CARLO! HE BOWED, SMILING AT HER! SHE SMILED BACK! THEN SHE STOOD UP AND TOSSED HER PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF TO HIM! THE CROWD WENT WILD! THE DIN WAS DEAFENING...

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ENCLOSURE BELOW THE GRANDSTAND, MANUEL RODERO WATCHED! HE CURSED... ANGRILY...

SHE'S *THROUGH* WITH ME... AND SHE'S LETTING ALL OF MADRID *KNOW* IT! SHE WANTS THAT *BOY*... THAT *ELZAR*!

THAT NIGHT, MANUEL WENT TO MARIA CARLO'S HOUSE! HE WANTED TO BEG HER FORGIVENESS! HE WANTED TO TELL HER HE WOULD GO INTO THE BULL-RING AGAIN... TO REASSURE HER OF HIS BRAVERY! BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED, HE SAW... THROUGH THE LATTICE WINDOW...

MARIA ...AND *ARTURO*!

HATE AND JEALOUSY SURGED UP IN MANUEL'S BRAIN! HE TURNED FROM THE LOVERS, SWEARING...

I'VE GOT TO GET *RID* OF HIM! MARIA BELONGS TO *ME*! SHE'S *MINE*!

AND THEN MANUEL RODERO THOUGHT OF A WAY. A SURE WAY... TO OBLITERATE THE YOUNG MATADOR, ARTURO ELZAR. AND WIN BACK MARIA CARLO! THE NEXT DAY... FAR FROM MADRID...

OH NO, SEÑOR! YOU DO NOT WANT TO BUY *THAT* BULL! IT IS VERY *FEROCIOUS*... BUT WHAT IS WORSE—IT IS ALMOST *BLIND*!

I *THOUGHT* SO! YES, SEÑOR! I *DO* WANT THAT BULL! HOW MUCH?

THAT NIGHT, IN THE BULL-RING BEHIND RODERO'S LUXURIOUS COUNTRY HOME, AN ALMOST BLIND BULL FACED A DOWNFALLEN MATADOR... HIMSELF BLINDED WITH JEALOUSY AND HATE...

YES, EL TORO! YOU ARE *BLIND*! BUT YOUR SENSE OF *SMELL IS KEEN*! CAN YOU DETECT THE *PERFUME* SATURATED IN THE *HANDKERCHIEF* TIED ON THE END OF THIS *WHIP*?

THE CRACK OF A WHIP ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, AND THE BELLOW OF A BULL IN PAIN DRIFTED UP FROM THE BULL-RING...

YOU WILL LEARN TO *HATE* THIS SMELL, EL TORO! YOU WILL LEARN TO *CHARGE* IT!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, MANUEL ENRAGED THE ALMOST BLIND BULL WITH THE PERFUME-DRENCHED HANDKERCHIEF TIED TO THE WHIP! IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE BULL CAME TO ASSOCIATE THE SMELL OF PERFUME WITH PAIN...

SMELL IT, EL TORO? SMELL THE *PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF* PINNED TO THE *DUMMY*? *CHARGE IT! CHARGE IT, YOU FOOL!*

FINALLY THE WHIPPED AND TORTURED BULL WAS ABLE MERELY FROM SCENT TO CHARGE THE PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF ACCURATELY...

GOOD, EL TORO! YOUR AIM IS GOOD!

AND SO, THE DAY BEFORE THE NEXT BIG ATTRACTION AT THE MADRID BULLFIGHTS...

RODERO! WHAT DO *YOU* WANT? THERE IS NO PLACE FOR A HAS-BEEN IN THE FIGHTS TOMORROW!

NO! I DO NOT WANT TO FIGHT! I REALIZE I AM FINISHED!

IT IS ONLY THAT I NEED *MONEY!* YOU PAT *WELL* FOR THE *BULLS* YOU USE! SURELY FOR AN *OLD FRIEND*

YOU HAVE A *BULL* YOU WANT US TO USE?

SI! IT IS A FEROCIOUS ONE! IT WILL BE A FINE SPECIMEN FOR THE NEW MATADOR, ELZAR! THE CROWD WILL BE *PLEASED!*

ALL RIGHT! BRING IT TO THE RING TOMORROW! WE WILL USE IT! BUT IT IS ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE AN OLD FRIEND!

THAT NIGHT, MANUEL SNEERED AT THE HALF-BLIND BULL...

YOU WILL PERFORM WELL, TOMORROW, EL TORO! YOU WILL NOT *SEE* THE *RED CAPE* OF ARTURO ELZAR! YOU WILL *SMELL* ONLY THE *PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF* IN HIS BELT! ITS *SCENT* WILL *GUIDE YOUR CHARGE*, EH, MY FRIEND?

THE NEXT OAY, MARUEL RODERO'S BULL MAS RELEASED IN THE MADRID SULL-RIRS! THE PICADORES ON THEIR SLIND-FOLOED HORSES SESAN TO ANSER IT.. STICKIRS THEIR SARRDCHAS INTO ITS SACK..

TRE SULL IS A MAD ORE! IT CHARSES WILDLY!

OF COURSE IT CHARSED WILDLY! IT COULD NOT SEE! SODR IT SRORTED AND SELLOWED! ROT BREATH FROM ITS DILATED ROSTRILS KICKED UP THE SAHD BELOW ITS LOWERED HEAD! A ROAR MERT UP FRDM THE CROWD! ARTURO ELZAR, TRE MATADDR, ERTERED THE RIRS...

BRAVO! VIVA, ELZAR!

ELZAR CROSSED THE RING ARD SDWED SEFORE MARIA CARLO'S SDX! SHE SMILED WARMLY AT HIM AND TOSSED HIM HER PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF...

SEE! ELZAR IS HER BELOVED, NOW!

ELZAR TUCKED MARIA'S PERFUMED HARKERCHIEF IRTO HIS SELT! THER HE TURRED. FACIRS THE SULL! A HUSR FELL OVER THE CRDWD! THE SULL STOOD PAIR-WRACKED ARD ERRASED PAWIRS THE GRDURD! ELZAR URFURLED HIS REO CAPE! THE SULL DID NOT MDVE! ELZAR SPUN THE CAPE ARTISTICALLY.

THE SULL DOES NOT CHARSE!

IT SEEMS TO SE ISNDRINS THE CAPE!

ELZAR MDVED TOWARD THE SULL, WAVINS RIS SCARLET CAPE! THE SULL STOOD STILL! SUDDENLY, IT LIFTED ITS HEAD! A FAMILIAR SMELL REACHED ITS SRDRTIRS NDSTRILS. THE SMELL OF *PERFUME!* THE MEMDRIES OF PAST TORTURE AND PRESENT PAIR TOSETRER WITR THAT FAMILIAR SCENT ALL KRITTED TOGETHER! THE SULL LOWERED HIS HEAD AND *CHARGED*

ARTURO EXTERDED HIS CAPE, HELO RIS POSITION AND WAITED! IT WOULO SE *EASY!* THE BULL WDULD CHARSE THE CAPE ARD ARTURO MDULD RDT SE SEHIND IT! SUT THE SULL WAS NDT INTERESTED IN THE RED CAPE! THE SULL COULO NOT EVEN SEE IT! THE SULL WAS CHARSIRS THE *SMELL* OF *PERFUME.*

A HORN CAUSHT ARTURO JUST ASDVE THE HARDKERCHIEF ARD THE CRDWD GROANED! THE GOREO MATADDR WAS LIFTED HISH AND TOSSED LIKE A LIMP RAD DOLL! BEFORE THE SANDERILLEROS CDULO SET TO HIM..TO DIVERT THE ENRASED BULL.. THE SEAST WAS UPDN HIM ASAIR SLASHIRS WITH ARSRY HDRNS

EEEEEEEEEEE!

HEH, HEH..

THAT NIGHT, MANUEL RODERO SAT IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOME CONTEMPLATING HIS TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE BULL-RING! AFTER ARTURO ELZAR'S UNTIMELY DEATH, HE'D RUSHED ON AND DEALT THE BLIND BULL THE DEATH THRUST! THE CROWD HAD GREETED HIM WITH TUMULTUOUS APPLAUSE...

HEH, HEH! ONCE AGAIN I AM THE TOAST OF MADRID! EVEN *MARIA* WILL BE MINE ONCE MORE!

SUDDENLY MANUEL TURNED! FROM FAR AWAY CAME THE DISTANT PATTER OF HOOVES AND THE SNORTING OF AN ENRAGED BULL! THEY SEEMED TO BE COMING CLOSER...CLOSER! THEY SEEMED TO BE RIGHT OUTSIDE! MANUEL RUSHED TO THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT...

NOTHING! NOTHING OUT THERE! BUT I'M SURE I HEARD HOOF-BEATS! I...I...

IT LUMBERED TOWARD HIM OUT OF THE DARKNESS! IT WAS DRESSED IN THE BLOOD-SOAKED GOLD-EMBROIDERED SATIN COSTUME OF A MATADOR...

ARTURO! NO... NO...

IT GRASPED MANUEL IN ITS STRONG ARMS, AND DRAGGED HIM...SCREAMING...TO THE BULL-RING BEHIND HIS HOUSE...

LET ME GO! LET ME GO! *AAAAAAAGH!*

A HALF-BLIND BULL WAS WAITING! THE THING THAT HELD HIM REACHED DOWN AND LIFTED A PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF FROM ITS BELT! THE CORPSE OF THE BULL SNORTED... THEN LOWERED ITS HEAD...

OH, GOD! HELP ME! HELP ME!

IN THE MORNING, THEY FOUND MANUEL RODERO IN THE BULL-RING BEHIND HIS HOUSE...

UGH! *WHAT A MESS!*

LOOK! OR HIS *CHEST!* IT... IT SEEMS TO BE A *HANDKERCHIEF!* *SMELL* IT! IT'S *PERFUMED!*

HEH, HEH! THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY *CRACKS* ABOUT IT BEING THE...*OLD BULL!* AFTER ALL! *ARTURO* WAS THERE, *TOO!* THEY HAD THEIR REVENGE TOGETHER! ANYWAY, IT WAS *NOVEL*...HAVING THE *BULL'S CORPSE* ALONG ALSO, EH? WELL, I LIKE A STORY THAT HAS SOME *MEAT* TO IT! BEFORE I WIND UP *THE OLD WITCH'S* BOOK, JUST A REMINDER! READ HER *COLUMN!* IT HAS BACK ISSUE INFO. 'BYE, NOW! SEE YOU NEXT IN *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!*

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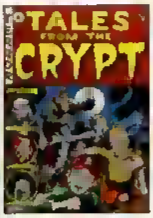

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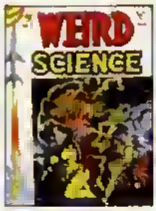

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